

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1902, at
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of
Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in
the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va.,
at 5 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at
25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$3.50 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....\$2.50 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....\$25.00 per year

No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous
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will be printed except on the name of the writer.
Manuscripts offered for publication will be
returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent
with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this paper,
whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should
be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Bowling Bldg., LaCrosse &
Maxwell, Managers.
Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCrosse &
Maxwell, Managers.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

Bryan's Advice to Oklahoma.

William J. Bryan's views as to the
scope of State activity in meeting modern
industrial problems have been presented to
the Oklahoma constitutional convention
in the form of a letter of advice to
the president of that convention. The letter
is of more than passing interest as
representing the political ideals of an
exponent for the Presidency of the United
States.

We note that government ownership of
railroads and public utilities is not urged
upon the new State, though Mr. Bryan
advises that cities be empowered to
own and operate such utilities. But in
place of government ownership Mr. Bryan
would introduce very stringent regulation
of all corporations. He would have the
granting of charters intrusted to a
corporation board, which, we presume, would
exercise supervision over charters of cor-
porations under the provisions of the
constitution and laws enacted thereunder.
This board would evidently enjoy exten-
sive powers. It would be its business to
see that no corporation controlled enough
of any one commodity to enable it to fix
the market price. It would have authority
to prevent discrimination between pur-
chasers.

Railroads Mr. Bryan would place under
the control of a commission empowered
to prevent rebates and other favoritism to
shippers. It would supervise private
tracks and elevator sites. It would have
control of express, sleeping car, and tele-
graph companies, and of interurban elec-
tric and telephone lines. Railway rates
would be fixed so as to yield a reasonable
dividend on the actual capital invested,
and no more. The railroad commission,
Mr. Bryan thinks, should be an elective
one.

We do not discern in these propositions
much trace of the Jeffersonian idea that
those who are governed least are govern-
ed best, but we do not doubt that if
Bryan does, the right of popular sov-
erignty over the industrial and financial
powers that nowadays threaten to rule us
with a despotism as sailing and as dan-
gerous to our liberties as that against
which our forefathers revolted. We are
evidently in for a vast extension of gov-
ernmental powers, State and national, and
Mr. Bryan's advocacy of such extension
is a significant sign of the times. The
States should furnish good trial ground
for the test of governmental regulation of
industry and transportation.

Perhaps that Rough Rider who refused
an office wanted to show his old com-
mander that he could do a few turns
in the precedent-breaking line himself.

Marie Corelli Goes Too Far.

Marie Corelli belongs to that fussy and
spitfire class of ladies of whom we read
in the books of romance and occasionally
in the newspapers. She has held the
American millionaire up to the light of
contumely of the world, and, seeing that
she is a lady, we have permitted her
trades against one of our great institu-
tions to go unrebuked. But we cannot
pass by her recent violent attack on
American women without submitting a
few remarks of reproof.

We have never heard of Marie Corelli
setting foot upon these shores. We
doubt not that she has had the pleasure
of going upon American soil, but that she
Europe. But even if she had experienced
that delight, she has had no proper op-
portunity to judge of the character and
pith of the American woman. Notwith-
standing her unfitness to pass
judgment upon her sister on this side of
the Atlantic, she has done so, neverthe-
less, and in very spiteful fashion, too.
She says that the American woman is an
artificial and unbecomingly product of
wigs, pads, and beauty creams.

A trying New York reporter has come
to around among the hotel managers of that
un-American town and elicited from them
the curious information that they buy
supplies of paint and powder, eye pen-
cils, hairpins, and other "beauty acces-
sories" the same as they buy their stocks
of breakfast foods and lobsters for their
lady patrons. The managers say behind
the barred doors of their private of-
fices, without fear of contradiction, that
their women guests are addicted to the
paint and powder, the eye pencil
habit, "and all other facial evils" that
they are accused of by the English
novelist. New York club women flatter
and indignantly deny the imputation. So
there you are.

We have here no confirmation of the
spiteful, and we dare say jealous, Miss
Corelli's charge against the ladies. For
our own part, we have never seen any
convincing evidence of the truth of her
charge. We are, however, the subject with
hesitation, because all we know, or all
any gentleman knows, about the ladies is
what they appear to be. We are mindful
of the old adage that "things are not
always what they seem," but we feel
sure that the author of this adage had
seen some traces of rouge on the
cheeks of ladies upon the public stage,
but we have assumed that the author of
the play required them thus to under-
take the impossible task of enhancing
their beauty—to paint the life and
gold refined gold? So to speak. Possibly
Miss Corelli had these ladies in mind
when she fired her broadside against
American women.

The streets of Washington are now
thronged with ladies. Their cheeks are
red, to be sure, but it is the redness of
good health and high spirits. Leastwise,

that is all we know about it, and all any
man in creation ought to want to know
about it, or has any right to know.
Wherefore, Miss Marie Corelli's spiteful
charge is disproved.

A scientist finds that the Philippines
are slowly changing in shape. Perhaps
in time they will not look so much like an
elephant.

A Woman in Bloomers.

An episode has occurred in Indiana
which commands our earnest attention.
A feminine member of a Presbyterian
church in Greencastle, much given to the
gentle art of gardening, was wont to hoe
and dig and catch the festive worm while
attired in a bloomer costume. While thus
incensed, so to speak, her pastor called
upon her and, shocked beyond expression,
allowed his holy indignation to find ex-
pression in severe censure. Her objection
to this conduct was naturally sustained
by her husband, and the congregation
divided, with the final result that the
pastor has been deposed.

Two or three interesting questions arise
out of this unique incident. First of all,
of course, it is a natural query whether
the wearing of bloomers by a woman is
an irreligious or even improper act. The
answer must be in the negative. From
the days when Eve arrayed herself in a
fig leaf and the Queen of Sheba chose
purple and fine linen, woman has been
allowed her own free will in the matter
of dress. It would be strange if, at this
late day, any edict should be issued, even
with ministerial sanction, which would
interfere with her imperial choice. If she
desires to wear bloomers, who shall say
her nay? Certainly not the masculine
sex, which would not, if it could, exert
the slightest influence upon the feminine
mind on a matter as this. If bloomers
are considered an indecent, women
will wear them, and that's the end of it.

As a matter of fact, these trouser
costumes are coming more and more into
use. A woman who recently climbed one
of the highest peaks of the Andes wore a
man's entire suit, while nearly every
woman horseback rider has discarded
skirts. Feminine golf players are seri-
ously considering bloomer suits as most
appropriate for their outdoor sport, while
no woman who enters a gymnasium
would think of exercising in the ordinary
dress. The time may come, therefore,
when the bloomer costume, now bravely
worn by the wise minority, will be
adopted by the entire sex.

We are compelled to note, also, as one
of the features of this incident, that a
woman rebelled against the dictum of her
pastor, and that, in the final result, the
presbytery sustained her. The priesthood,
from its very beginning, has exercised a
potent influence upon the feminine mind,
and when we find a woman defending
herself and her costume from the criti-
cism of her religious adviser we see a sign
of the times.

Zion City is headed for the bankruptcy
court. A case of prophets and loss.

District Commissioners Not to Blame.

A reader of The Washington Herald
asks why it was that the Board of Dis-
trict Commissioners endorsed the stock
watering proposition submitted to Con-
gress by the Washington Gaslight Com-
pany in 1901. "The viciousness of the
measure was at once apparent; its in-
equity was self-evident," he says—quoting
comments heretofore made—and he ex-
presses a desire to hear a satisfactory
explanation.

He cannot understand why the Com-
missioners, admittedly an honest and
conscientious board, should have been
led to recommend a proposition so astound-
ing, and in its indignation forthwith
ordered the District Committee to report
a bill reducing the price of gas—a re-
duction which, as Washington household-
ers all know, the District Committee did
not pass.

All this is puzzling—very puzzling, in-
deed. While we do not recall the im-
mediate circumstances and are unable to
answer the inquiry definitely or explic-
itly, two possible explanations occur to us:
The Commissioners, perhaps, were too
busy with pressing routine business to
give the measure the necessary attention,
and thus detect its iniquity; or it may,
perchance, have been altered after leav-
ing their hands—changed from a harm-
less proposition as they recommended it
into the much more far-reaching possi-
bilities for gain. We do not know, but
as to this, though the records show
that the measure was withdrawn after
its initial introduction.

We can assure the reader who makes
the inquiry, however, that no blame
can be by any manner of means
traced to the District Commissioners.
When the Madden bill for 75-cent gas
comes up in Congress it will bear the
stamp of their approval, and this surely
will establish the fact that they are
watching the interests of the people of
Washington—watching them vigilantly
and fearlessly.

A New York society woman is chap-
eroning a movement to have a law enacted
giving one the right to copyright any
"exclusive design" in the way of a dress
costing as much as \$1,000. Another body
blow at the rights and privileges of the
common people!

A Constitutional League's Visions.

Mr. William S. Sinclair, president of
the Constitutional League, of Philadelphia,
is much excited over the state of the na-
tion in general and the deplorable condi-
tion of the South in particular. So wrote
he that he has been sending the Presi-
dent messages on the subject—messages
filled to the brim with straight talk and
wooded with the language of a prophet.

On Saturday last Mr. Sinclair forward-
ed a communication to the Executive in
which he warmly protested against the
Commander-in-Chief's "super-heated de-
nunciation of the colored troops," declar-
ing that it encouraged the ferocious South-
ern people to crimes and misdemeanors,
causing them to shield white criminals
from the law's vengeance, &c., as fol-
lows:

"Numerous organizations of white men in the
South are carrying on their war on the colored
people."

"These secret class hesitate not to assassinate
us government officials, and band together to shield
and protect each other. They are supported by the
white people, and have very recently seized and
lynched a prisoner who was in the custody of the
Supreme Court of the United States, and while the
lynchers were in Washington arguing the charge of
contempt before the Supreme Court of the United
States the nation was shocked by the fact that the
President received and honored the lynchers at the
White House. As a matter of fact, no people has
shielded more criminals and covered up more crimes
than the white people of the South. And in the
South the blood of more innocent men and women
has been shed by brutal red-handed white class crimes
from the ground upon the vengeance of God than in all
the other parts of the country taken together."

Par be it from rational and fair-minded
men recklessly to question the accuracy
of Mr. Sinclair's startling statements. He
must know just what he is talking about.
There are people who will believe he tells
the truth, the whole truth, and nothing
but the truth, when he suggests the possi-
bility of every father and family head
in the South being a member of some sort
of a Klau Klan. Doubtless Mr. Sin-

clair will say that he is well acquainted,
by reason of rational and dispassionate in-
vestigation, with the frightful conditions of
lawlessness in the South, and the oath-
bound bands of regulators and vigilance
committees therein. Then, again, he may
have been a witness at some recent pro-
duction of "The Clansman." But that as it
may, it is a certainty that Mr. Sinclair has
been "seeing things at night."

While he does not actually charge it,
there can be no doubt that Mr. Sinclair
secretly harbors a dark suspicion against
the President himself. How otherwise ex-
plain the presence of those "lynchers and
murderers" at the White House? Can it
be possible that Mr. Roosevelt is the
Grand Cyclops of some anti-Ethiopian
Klan, and that the "lynchers and murder-
ers" were received at the Executive Man-
sion only after they had given Mr. Roose-
velt the necessary high sign and awesome
passwords? While details are lacking,
the further conclusion that the reception
was held at darkest midnight and in the
regulation costumes of gown and cowl,
with appropriate skulls and crossbones
embroidered thereon, is fully warranted.

Something ought to be done, and in a
hurry, for Sinclair. He is evidently in a
deplorable state of mind. "Murderous or-
ganizations of white men in the South,"
coupled with Presidential receptions for
"lynchers," has dreadfully excited him.
Friends and neighbors should take him in
hand. He needs attention.

A member of the Texas legislature has
resigned because he "cannot conscien-
tiously vote for Bailey." If all the anti-
Bailey members are going to act this
way about it, how is it to help the pa-
triot who is after the Senator's seat from
himself?

The burglaries for the year scarcely
ran into the thousands, the embezzle-
ments into the millions. This shows the
polite distinction between the two words.
Mr. Timothy Woodruff's pet bear, in a
playful mood the other day, chewed off
the leg of one of Mr. Woodruff's friends.
After all, the "Teddy" bears make the
best pets.

"If you are on the car of misanthropy
get a transfer to the line of good cheer,"
advises the Indianapolis Star. The only
trouble about that is, the conductors will
not always give you a transfer to the line
you want.

A Pennsylvania cat named Pinkeye has
passed away her \$2,000 estate, leaving a
will bequeathing her fortune to a sister.
There are still eight lives be-
tween Pinkeye and the legatee, however.

An English recluse lives in a room 5½
by 6 feet. The average American flat
dweller will see very little that is novel in
that.

"If John D. Rockefeller and such cap-
tains of industry lived under a monarchy
they would be noblemen or knights,"
says an admiring contemporary. Mr.
Rockefeller would be grand commander
of the Knights of the Golden Fleece.

Mr. James Bryce's refusal of an Eng-
lish peerage was right—theoretically.
About 99 per cent of the social whirl are
wondering what in the world ails the
man—privately.

It is rather curious that the author of
"The Night Before Christmas" really
did not see all those curious things the
night after Christmas.

The United States government is quoted
abroad as determined not to allow its
strength, as against Cuba's weakness, to
express any sort of interference with the
latter's rights and independence. Besides,
we haven't any use for a canal across
Cuba.

St. Louis college girls declare that
"fudge" is no longer popular with young
ladies, and that "being the proper
thing." We presume, however, that some
cucumber pickles still constitute the
other half of the ante-retriving luncheon.

Mayor Schmitz displays the greatest
courage and eagerness to perish for his
beloved city, and right in the faces of the
Japanese, too. Also, the mayor is willing
to drop all court discussion and let by-
gones be bygones, so far as graft talk is
concerned.

Now that the Christmas truce is over,
Senator Hansbrough may be willing to
revise his opinion that we are threatened
with national nervous prostration.

Some one has discovered that a word in
one of Aristophanes' comedies contained
16 letters and 79 syllables. No wonder
he killed the Greek language entirely
when they started out to simplify it.

The building commissioners of Chicago
say the aldermen of that city are "a lot
of cheap chuffers." The taxpayers
probably doubt it.

"When I am summoned to court, what
can I do but go?" asks Mr. John D.
Rockefeller. Nothing, unless the bailiff
can be deluged indefinitely.

They are drawing the color line in the
army. No more white horses to be
admitted, under any circumstances.

The Providence Journal thinks the air
ship may take the place of the pas-
senger train at no very distant date.
This means that the average air ship will
maintain a schedule just 3 hours and 55
minutes late.

Senator-elect Robert Love Taylor, of
Happy Valley, Tenn., has selected Mr.
Lays McDord, for years editor of the
Tennessee Sugar Tree Gazette, to be his
private secretary. Only a man whose
mind runs to something like sugar would
do for the frolicsome addler from Happy
Valley.

Miner Hicks, who was rescued from a
living tomb after fifteen days of heroic
struggle, is being literally swamped with
proposals of marriage. People finding
themselves in such a predicament as
Hicks was will do well to think twice
before getting rescued.

The stocking market was up Monday
night, but has been down ever since.

The Mormons are discussing the race
problem. They have long entertained
very pronounced views on the anti-race
subject problem.

Two of a Kind.

From the Philadelphia Press.
"Well, Perkins," said the eminent per-
sonage, "so now was an invalid," who is
wishes to marry a bishop.
"No, sir," replied the butler, "your phy-
sician."

"Ah! Perkins, almost the same thing.
He's at work upon my life, too."

Innocent Bystander's Finish.

From the Rochester Herald.
An Iowa blacksmith has invented an ar-
mor for the rubber tires of automobiles.
The device will enable the chauffeur to
cut his victim in two, if he is permitted
to get a square whack at him on the
street.

Requiescat in Pace.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
A Texan who was drunk tickled a mule
and was immediately kicked into a
brighter and better world. As his name
happened to be Mundy, his transit gloria.

A Reysner.

There once was a wonderful guy
That spent up water so heyer,
That it is related
And never fell down from the skyer.
—Columbia Jester.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

Where
Is Johnny's quaint mechanical bear?
Gaze on those springs
And other things,
And you may find the answer there.

What
Has become of Harry's beautiful yacht?
That bunch of rags
And nameless tags
Could probably tell as like as not.

When
Shall we see Mabel's dolly again?
Ask of yon mass
Of wags and glass—
The matter is beyond my ken.

In Luck.

"I narrowly escaped having locomotor
ataxia."
"Narrowly?"
"Yes; the vote was very close. Four
doctors against five."

Social Note.

"Mrs. Stinjay has not been very much
in evidence recently."
"Neither personally nor by proxy. Yon-
der are my Christmas gifts. Look them
over, and you'll find nothing from her
among those presents."

Christmas Week.

Tuesday, turkey;
Wednesday, cake,
Thursday, tummy
Ache, ache, ache.

Seems Reasonable.

"We didn't really learn much in the
old days. Still—"

"The little red schoolhouse probably
turned out as good a class of boys as
will the little red Theater Comique."

Risky.

"I'm thinking of sounding a note of
warning," began the young statesman.
"That's all right," responded Senator
Smoothguy, "but don't never write no
notes of any description, young fellow."

Cruel.

"Dat's de meanest man I've struck
durin' de holidays."
"How's dat?"
"He asked him fer a nickel an' he offered
me a job."

The Innocent Bystander.

A BROWN STUDY.

Next year I'm going to reform;
Each moment that I have to spare
I'll be thinking how I shall reform.
About me almost every day
I count my many doubtful traits,
I think them over one by one—
But my decision hesitates
As over all the time I run.

'Tis not that I cannot decide
How many habits to forswear;
My resolutions shall abide
And I will play exactly fair.
But here is where I am in doubt,
And this is causing loss of sleep
I can't decide which to cut out
And what bad habits I still keep.

The Fat and Thin Men.

The thin man is reading another of the
Presidential messages when the fat man
ambles in and occupies the chair next
him. The thin man does not look up
until the fat man gives him a cheerful
greeting, but that does not affect the
fat man at all.

"See you've got a felon on your fin-
ger," says the fat man, observing the
extended digit of the thin man clutch-
ing the margin of his paper. "The
thin man does not say anything,
merely grunts.

"Bet she's a pest to you," says the fat
man, heartily. They always are. Never
know any thing about the law, but per-
form for the best trust, in that he has
raised the point that certain parlia-
mentary motions adopted in the Senate
affect the railroad law, which declares
the Standard Oil pipe line to be a com-
mon carrier, have opened the way for an
"immunity bath" for the giant oil com-
pany.

High circles in Washington are
convinced that the Standard Oil com-
pany is running a racket, and in in-
teresting point as to who gave Mr. Miller
the first hint as to the possible means of
escape of the Standard in the way indi-
cated. The public would be shocked
should some of the Standard's em-
ployees be exposed. The fact seems to
be that Mr. Miller made the discovery
himself, without the aid of any member
of either branch of Congress or anybody
else connected in any way with the gov-
ernment. Some of the big lawyers of the
Senate are strongly inclined to believe
that Mr. Miller's contention will be up-
held by the courts, and thus the Standard
will escape all of the serious consequences
brought against it months ago by a Fed-
eral grand jury at Chicago. These Sena-
tors also say that if this shall prove to be
the case, Mr. Miller's fee as special coun-
sel probably will be one of the biggest
ever paid to an American lawyer.

Newspaper Notices.

An enterprising manager of a clipping
bureau makes an interesting comparison
regarding the number of articles printed
in American newspapers about the deaths
of prominent men. His figures show that
no other man who has died in the past
fifty years had so much printed about
him in the newspapers as President Mc-
Kinley. It is a curious fact that Carl
Schurz ranks next to McKinley in this
regard, there already having been gath-
ered from the American newspaper press
concerning his death and career some-
thing over 12,000 newspaper columns. John
Hay and Joseph Jefferson, the actor, had
10,000 each, and Mark Hanna 8,000. The
compiler of these figures also is respon-
sible for the interesting statement that con-
tains a great number of clients in Wash-
ington is not the city of the nation's pa-
trons of the clipping bureau. It is natural
to infer that because so many of the coun-
try's famous men are assembled here
every year the clipping bureau would
secure a greater number of clients in
Washington than in any other city of the
country. But it appears that New York,
Pittsburgh, and Chicago head the list of
patrons in the order named. Obviously
the nation's statesmen are not as anxious
to know what the newspapers are saying
about them as are the captains of indus-
try, the kings of finance, the railroad
magnates, &c. The falling off in patron-
age here has been especially noted since
the contumacious muck-raker got hold of
the public ear.

Roosevelt in English Eyes.

From the London Post.
Nothing that he says is foolish, though
an unappreciative European might think
much of it superfluous. But the unap-
preciative European would be wrong. Ameri-
cans need above everything else to have
the fundamental moralities of private,
public, and international conduct ham-
mered into them, and Mr. Roosevelt per-
forms the operation with unwearying zest.
Besides, to realize the plain side is to come
very near the ideal, and the President
must justly claim for his estimable ad-
monitions that if every one were to act
on them the country would soon be trans-
formed.

Suggestion for a National Anthem.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Some one has suggested that we should
have a new national anthem. How about
"Turn the Rascals Out?"

On a Rainy Morning.

When it's raining, raining, raining, what's the use
of loaf complaining,
What's the use of sitting on the wet?
When the frowning skies are weeping that's the
time to do your sleeping.

And your reading and your dreaming, too, you bet
Greet the weather when it's coming, too, you bet
Rain drops drumming
On a roof of gold sunshine everywhere,
Make the best of life while living, all your efforts
freely giving.
With a merry laugh to vanquish every care.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Problem Maker Right.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.
If ninety-three Japs can produce a life-
sized race problem, what would our
Northern friends consider the natural
product of 9,000,000 negroes?

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mr. Chandler's Birthday.

One day this week Hon. William Eaton
Chandler will celebrate his birthday. He
will not state just what day it is, for
reasons of his own, though he declares
that when the day arrives he will be
seventy-one years old. While the distin-
guished New Hampshire statesman's word
is as good as his bond with everybody
who knows him, few will believe that he
has reached his seventy-first mile post
in the merry journey he is making
through life. It is true that his name
and fame are bound up in the country's
political record of the past half century,
in spite of that Mr. Chandler is still
looked upon and thought of as a young
man. His first visit to Washington was
made while Franklin Pierce was Presi-
dent. Mr. Chandler has been conspicu-
ously identified since that time with
affairs that have centered at the Capital.
His first office responsibility here was as
an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.
He was secretary of the Republican Na-
tional Committee in 1856, and knows more
of the details of the party's Presidential
campaign than any man alive. He talks
no more interestingly on any subject than
that of how Samuel J. Tilden was kept out
of the Presidency. He is presumed to know
the details of this affair, to be published
after his death. He was Secretary of the Navy
in President Arthur's Cabinet, and if the
new navy's paternity could be traced it
would lead very close to the door of Mr.
Chandler. He served two and a half
terms in the Senate from New Hampshire,
and was defeated for re-election by the
Boston and Maine Railroad. President
McKinley appointed him chairman of
the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission,
which position he now holds by ap-
pointment of President Roosevelt.

The tenure of this commission, by the
terms of the law, was to run for only
six months, but the President can extend
his life at his pleasure. When, last spring,
Mr. Chandler became involved in a char-
acteristically sensational dispute with
President Roosevelt over certain negotia-
tions the New Hampshire statesman had
carried on between the White House and
Senator Tillman on railroad-rate legisla-
tion, it was generally predicted that he
would not be reappointed to the commis-
sion at the next expiration of his six months
term. But the President magnanimously
overlooked the slight difficulty he had
with Mr. Chandler and gave him a new
appointment only a few months ago. No
body is missed from the Senate as much
as Mr. Chandler. While he was a mem-
ber of that staid and august body he
was a serious and dignified member, but
in the Senate he was a jolly rumpus
just when the proceedings promised
to be most uninteresting. As a
rumpus-maker he has no superior and
few equals. And always, when he was
up the animals, and provoked a jolly
rumpus just when the proceedings prom-
ised to be most uninteresting. As a
rumpus-maker he has no superior and
few equals.